

NATVRES
OVERTHROW,
AND
DEATHS TRIVMPH.

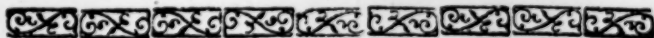
A SERMON PREACHED
AT THE FUNERALL OF SIR
JOHN SYDENHAM, Knight, at
Brimpton, the 15. of December.

1625.

BY
Humphry Sydenham, M^r. of Arts,
and Fellow of WADHAM College
in OXFORD.

*Studeat quisque sic delicta corrigere, ut post mortem non
oporteat pœnam tolerare.*

August. lib. de verâ & falsâ pœnitentiâ.



LONDON,
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1636.



TO MY MVCH
RESPECTED KINS-

MAN, JOHN SYDENHAM,
Esquire, This.

SIR:

Here is as well an obedience in
matters of desire, as command,
and with me a request hath ever
beene of larger authority than a
Mandate. You were pleas'd (formerly) to im-
portune me for a transcript of this Sermon ;
now for the impressiion of it ; I have obey-
ed you in either ; but I feare twill lose some
of the lustre in the perusall, which it found
in the delivery. I am not so happy a master of
my Pen, as of my tongue ; nor you (per-
chance) of your care, as of your eye, that
some tinckling fancies may (at once) take and
delude :

The Epistle Dedicatory.

delude: this, *is more subtle, and perspicacious, and will not bee gull'd with the barked and shell of things, but pierces the very kernell, and the marrow ; 'Tis sometimes with the care, and eye of a Scholar, as with his fancie, and his judgement ; the one hath many a cheat put upon it by weake impostures, which the other both discovers, and rejects, and sometimes (as it doth here) pitties. What you shall meet with of vigour, and soliditie, entertaine, cherish, 'tis yours ; yours first in the birth, and occasion, now, in the protection, nourishment ; what more languishing, and abortive, lay on the Author, 'tis mine, like me, I'll father it ; However, 'twill implore your charitie, the charitie of your faire interpretation ; not of your beneuolence ; which if you shall vouchsafe, you have nobly rewarded the endeavours of*

Your affectionate kinsman,

HVM. SYDENHAM.



NATVRES OVERTHROW, AND DEATHS TRIUMPH.

ECCLES. 12. 5.

Man goeth to his long home, and the mourners walke about the streets.



Ortalitie loves no descant ; your
plaine song fates best with blacks,
that which is gravely set to com-
punction, sorrow tun'd heavily,
to sighs and lamentations. What
should warbling aires with darted
bosomes and unbalmed hearts ?
what your quaint and youthfull
raptures, when — *Mourners walke*
about the streets ? If Zion bee wept for, harpes must bee
Y bmg

Ecclef. 12. 41.

Verse 2.

Verse 3.

3.

Division.

Part 1.

hung upon the willowes; sad objects require furrowes in the cheekes, and rivers in the eye, and wee then most honour the exequies of our friends, when wee embalme the deceased with our teares. Away then with eares wanton'd to looser Sonnets; offend not with unchaste attentions these hallowed anthemes, here's broken harmonie; dirges as sullen, as they are sacred; panning and heart-broke elegies, such as should bee rather organ'd, than sung. Aske the Preacher (here) and hee will tell you, — *The daughters of Musicke are brought low, and the yeeres draw nigh, when wee shall say, we have no pleasure in them. Hee stories of a Sunne, and Moone, and starres which are obscur'd, and of cloudes that returne not after raine; as if the world were at her last pang and gaspe, and ready for her funerall. Behold! the little world is — The keepers of the house have trembled, the strong men bowed themselves, the grinders ceased, and those that looke out of the windowes, darkned; the Almond tree doth flourish, and the Grasshopper is a burden, and desire shall faile. — Because — Man goeth to his long home, and mourners walke about the streets. —*

Without any racke or violence to the words, they offer themselves to this division, 1. the subject, Man, 2 his condition, transitory condition, exprest by way of pilgrimage —, — Goeth —. 3 the *non ultra*, or *terminus ad quem*, of this his pilgrimage —. To his home-inlarged with an epithete — *Long home* —. 4 the state and ceremony it there meets with, — *And the mourners walke about the streets* —. Of these in their order, first of the subject, Man.

To dwell with circumstances, and overship the maine, was ever an embleme of negligence, if not of weaknesse; each Fabulist will tell you of a dog and a shadow, and what they morall. He that jangles (meerly) about nominals, where matters of realtie and substance fleet by, may speake himselfe a Grammarian or a Sophister, scarce a Divise. Of the name of Man, its source and pedegree,

I list

I list not to discourse; not an ignorance so untaught, or understanding dull'd, but would forestall me, or should I (by chance) meet with some intellectualls, so thin and tender, that could not (as it is a chance I should) scarce an object but would be both your spokesman and remembrancer; yonder sad spectacle, that earth, this stone would tell you--*Homo ab humo*, from the ground, *Adam ab Adam*, from the earth, red earth, not that more solid part of it, but the brittlest, dust, so the curse runs, *-Dust thou art, and to dust thou shalt returne-*. In the word *Man*, in the various acceptation of the word *Man*, (wherein some syntagmaticall Divines have unprofitably toil'd) I'll not curiously or impertinently travell, but without any figurative or metaphoricall sense, take it properly and literally, as the Text gives it me, *-Man-*, that is, a reasonable living creature, or rather a reasonable living soule, for so the Spirit of God Christens it, *-The man was made a living soule*, Gen. 2. 7. and the same periphrasis the Apostle uses too, 1 Cor. 15. The first man *Adam* was made *-εὖς ψυχῆς ζώου*, in *animam viventem*, or *anima vivens*—a living soule, vers. the 45. yet in the 44. of the same Chapter, hee calls him, *σώμα ψυχῆς*—a living bodie. Either coat hee is justly blazoned by, so wee give the difference rationally, a difference so speciall and proper, that it divides him from any other; for reason is an intellectuall power, peculiar to man onely, and not communicable to a second creature; by which *λογισται*, or (as the Schooleman tearms it) *discurret*; out of one thing he deduces another, and orders this, by that, both in method and discretion. Hence it is called *λόγος*, and the worke or office of it, *λογισμός*, *disensus*—*propter anime celeritatem*—, for the volubilitie and nimbleness of the soule, by which it traverses and moves from one object to another, from effects to causes, and backe againe, from all things to every thing, and from that (almost) to nothing. And as man was prerogativ'd above others, in respect of perspicacitie, so of Empire,

Anth. Pol. c. 35. Synag.

Idem, ut supra.

Fer. in Genes.

Genes. 1. 27.

Contra Philo.

Purch. Pilgrim.

Gregor. Nazian.

Beasts.
Angels.
M:n.

and dominion, for whereis in other passages of creation, we finde a kind of commanding dialect, —with a *fiat lux*, and a—*producat terra*——. *Let there bee light, let the earth bring forth* ; In that of *Adam*, words more particular, of deliberation and advice. —*Let us make man*—, Man, a creature of those exquisite dimensions, for matter of bodie ; of those supernaturall endowments, of soule, that now omnipotencie bethinkes it selfe, and will consult. The privy Counsell of *Sonne*, and *Holy Ghost*, is required to the moulding and polishing of this glorious peece. *Angels* may *looke on*, and *wonder* ; *touch*, or *assist*, they may *not* ; no, not so much as to *temper* or *prepare the metall*. Here is worke onely for a *Trinitie*. A taske for *Jehovah* himselfe, for *Jehovah Elobim*, the *Father*, by the *Son*, in the *power of the Spirit*. No doubt, somewhat of wonder was a projecting, when a compleat *Deitie* was thus studying its perfection, somewhat that should border upon everlastingnesse, when the finger of God was so choicely industrious, and loe what is produced ? *Man*, the master-peece of his designe and workmanship, the great miracle and monument of nature, not onely for externall transcendencies, but the glorie and pompe of inward faculties stampd, and engraven to the image of his God, through the righteousness of an immortall soule ; besides, a body so symmetriciously composd as if nature had lost it selfe in the harmony of such a feature. *Man*, the abstract, and modell, and brieft story of the universe, —the *utrusque nature vinculum*—, the cabinet and store-house of three living natures, sensuall, intellectuall, rationally, the Analysis and resolution of the greater world into the lesse, the Epitome and *compendium* of that huge tome, that great *Manuscript* and work of nature, wherein are written the characters of Gods omnipotencie and power, framing it, disposing it, all in it, to the use and benefit of *man*, of *man* especially, of *man*, wholly ; other creatures paying him an awfull obedience, as a tribute, and homage due to their

their commander in all things, so neere kinne to Deitie, that *Melancthon* makes him a *terrestrial transitory God*: having little to divide him from a *Numen*—, but that one part of him was *mortall*, and that not *created* so, but *occasion'd*, miserably occasion'd, by *disobedience*.

A little *forbidden fruit* (from the hand of a fraile creature) shall disinheric it of an eternall privilege, and man is now thrust out of the doores of his everlasting habitation for two prettie toies, an *Apple*, and a *woman*; however death hung not on the fruit, (saith *Chrysostome*) but the contempt, which was not so *voluntary*, as suggested; fond man, that is thus cheared of an assurance of immortality, by a false perswasion that he shall be immortal, that—*erit in seculum Dii*—hath damp't all; the Serpent perswades him, —if he doe but *taste*, hee shall bee as *God*, when hee hath tasted, findes himselfe worse than *man*; a *worme* indeed, no *man*. Thus hee is at once fool'd out of everlastingnesse and the favour of his Maker: the anger of the Lord is now fore kindled, and his furie smoakes in a double curse against him, and what he was framed of, *earth*; that which hath (hitherto) voluntarily presented her fruitfulnessse, in herbs, and plants, and all things requisite for his sustenance; now, *undrest*, and not watered in the bubble and sweat of an industrious brow, affords him nothing but *thornes* and *thistles*; just reward of disobedience, *barrennesse*, and *death*. Lamentable felicitie, which (at height) is but *conditionary*, and then *fatall*. There is no miserie so exquisite, as the sense of a lost happinesse. Calamitie is supportable enough, where there is not felt, or seene, a more honourable condition; but, to be tumbled from a blisse we were sometimes master of, is a punctuall wretchednesse. *Man*, but now on the pinnacle and spire of all his glorie, in a moment shamefully throwne from it, and with him, all posteritie. But, loe, there is mercy even in justice, and life in the very sentence and jaw of death. —*The seed of the woman shall breake the Serpents head.*

head—Shee that was (ere-while) a chiefe instrument in his fall, shall be now a maine agent in his restauration, not to that state wherein he was created, but to that wherein he shall be glorified. The soule (through faith and grace) shall still be preserved immortall, but the body must lessen of its primitive condition, the soule as a Sunne that is eclips'd, or clouded, shall shine againe, the body, like some meteor, for a time exhal'd, falleth to the earth from whence it came; and as some metals (laid for a space in the bosome of the ground) grow more refined, and purified, so shall the bodie, *interred a naturall one, rise a glorious*. In the *Intervallum*, as a punishment for transgression, it shall resolve into what it was made of, and it must goe to its long home, the grave; where wee have now brought it, and would have laid it in, but that the capricious heretick violently withstands it, and thus he interposes. *If man returne into earth, as he is earth, then he was mortall before hee sinned, and so death seemes to be of nature, and not punishment*. —It is not answered by deniall, but distinction, and wee must (here) eriticke betweene *mortale, mortuum, and morti obnoxium, mortall, dead, and liable to death*. Wee call that *dead* which is actually deprived of life; *subject to death*, what is within the fathome and command of *deaths power and tyrannie for sinne*, though not actually, yet in time. *Mortall* two wayes, either for that which by a necessitie of nature ought to die, or for that which as the *merit and reward of sinne*, can die. The body of *Adam* (before sinne) was of it selfe *mortale* (as mortall is taken in the last sense) because *mutabil*, and that is *mutable*, which of it selfe *can suffer change*, although it never doe, as the good Angells, and God onely is *immutable*. —*Per se, & natura* (as *Augustine* speaks in his booke *de vera Relig. cap. 13.*) But the bodie of *Adam* was not *mortituum, to dye*, if hee had not sinned, but by a *glorious change*, without death, had bene translated by God into an everlasting incorruptibilitie. It was *sin* then that

that made man obnoxious to the strokes of death, not any condition, or necessitie of nature, and therefore I know not whether I may call it an error of the Pelagian, or a blasphemy, who would have Adam (had hee not transgressed) dye by the law of nature. Hence he might infer, that death was not a punishment for sinne, and so by consequence, Christ not died for it; but we find this (by a Council) long since doomed for an heresie, and an heavy Anathema laid on the Patron of that tenent in Concilio Millevitano, cap. 1. and more particularly by Augustine in his first booke de Peccatorum meritis & remissione, cap. 1. You see then that death and all corporall defects, were scourges following the disobedience of the first man, not occasioned by any impulsion or languishment of nature, and Aquinas will reason it thus, — If a man for an offence be deprived of some benefit that is given him, the wanting of this benefit, is the punishment of that offence. To Adam in his state of innocencie there was this boone conserv'd from Heaven, that as long as his minde was subject unto God, the inferiour powers of the soule should be obedient unto reason, and the bodie unto the soule. But because the minde of man (by sinne) did recoil and start backe from this divine subjection, it followed, that those inferiour powers also would not be totally subject unto reason; whence grew so great a rebellion of the carnall appetite, that the bodie (too) would not be totally subject to the soule. Upon this breach death enters, and all that pale band of diseases, and corporall infirmities, for the incolumitie and life of the bodie consists in this, that it be subject unto the soule, — Sicut perfectibile sue perfectioni, — as the Schooleman speakes, as a thing perfectable to its perfection. On the other side, death, and sickness, and languishments of bodie, have reference to the defects of the true subjection of the bodie to the soule. And therefore necessitie of consequence will induce, that as the rebellion of the carnall appetite to the spirit, was a punishment of our first fathers sin; so mortalitie, and all corporall imperfections

imperfections too, as the Schooleman punctually in his 2^d. 2^e. 164. quest. 1. Artic. The curse then due to the lapse of our first Parents, hovers not over the soule onely, but, for it, the body; the body (before) in a blessed way of incorruptibilitie, but not of it selfe, but from the soule, so Augustine tels his Diocorus, — *Eam potenti naturâ Deus fecit animam, ut ex ejus beatitudine, redundet in corpus, plenitudo sanitatis, & incorruptionis vigor*— in his 56. Epistle. His bodie then was not indissoluble by any vigour of immortalitie existing in it selfe, but there was (supernaturally) a power in the soule, divinely given, by which man might preserve his bodie from all corruption, as long as it remained subject unto God. And the Schooleman hath good ground for it; for, seeing the reasonable soule doth exceed the dimensions and proportion of corporall matter, it was convenient, that in the beginning, there should bee a vertue given it, by which the body might bee rescued from all infirmities, and conserved above the nature of that corporall matter, as the same Aquinas part. 1. quest. 97. Art. 1. The whole man then (mixt of bodie and soule) was in the creation in a glorious state of immortalitie, but it was with a—*Quodammodo*— (as Augustine tels us, de Genes. ad Lit. lib. 6. cap. 25.) not absolutely, — *Ita ut non posset mori*, — but conditionally—*poterat non mori*—, It is true, hee had a power not to dye, if hee had not sinned; but it was a necessitie he should dye, when he had; otherwise God had beene as unjust to his promise, as hee was severe in his command, for so the charge runnes, — *At that day thou eatest thereof thou shalt dye the death*—. He hath eaten, therefore hee must dye—. But from whence commeth this death? forom God, or from himselfe? or both? originally from neither; not from God, he cannot be the cause of it, death being a privation onely, having name (saith Augustine) but no essence; besides, it is an Omen and an ill to nature. Whatsoever God made, had an essence, was a species, good; the

Text

and Deaths Triumph.

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Text tells us so, six times tells us so, in one Chapter, *Genes. 1.* God made the firmament, and it was good, Hee made the earth, and it was good; in a word, hee saw all that hee had made, — *Et erant valde bona*, — they were very good —.

Genes. 1. ult.

We may not thinke then that God therefore created man, that hee should dye; or, because death followed his disobedience, God was the cause of it. Death may bee an instrument of his justice, not an effect of his producing. It is one thing to give the sentence of death, another to bee the author of it. Indeed *Augustine* sayes (*lib. 1. Retract. cap. 21.*) that death (as a punishment) hath reference to God, not, as an obliquitie; and the Schooleman is at hand too, with a distinction for a two-fold death, one, as an ill of humane nature, or a defect incident from mans transgression, that, hee dares not lay on the Almighty, the other, as it hath some species or resemblance of good, to wit, as it is a just penance for his rebellion, this hee doth in his 2^a. 2^e. 164. quest. Art. 1.

Aquinas.

As therefore in the creation of the world God is said to make light, and to separate it from darknesse, not to make darknesse, as if that were of it selfe some blinde masse and Chaos, and therefore God chid light out of it; so in the creation of man God is said to make life (*God breathed into him the breath of life*) not death, nay hee doth separate that light from this darknesse, and doth chide life not out of it, but from it, with a — *Cave ne manduca* — take heed thou eat not, for if thou dost, — *morte morieris* — thou shalt dye the death. That therefore of the wise man will vindicate the Almighty from this misprision, — *God made not death, neither hath he pleasure in the corruption of the living, for he created all things, that they might have their being, and the generations of the world were healthfull, and there was no poison of destruction in them.*

Genes. 1.

Wisdomes. 1. 13, 14.

The wombe then of this great plague of man the Apostle rips up, — *When lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth sinne, and sinne when it is perfected, bringeth forth death,*

Aug. in locum.

Genes. 3.

death, *Jam. 1. 15.* The birth then of sinne is through a conception of lust, and the strength of death through a perfection of sinne. Loe then the cause of this great calamitie discovered ! but how came that ? originally from the man ? no. How then ? — *Through the envie of the devill came death into the world*, the 2. Chapter of the same booke, vers. 24. And therefore Saint *Augustine* calls it, — *mors — à morsu* — from the biting of the Serpent. And our Saviour tels us, — *Ille homicida ab initio*, *John 8.* — *He was a murderer from the beginning* ; whence perceiving man (by his then obedience) advanc'd to that place from which he was headlong'd, now dissolves, and breakes into secret envie ; this envie wrought deceit, deceit concupiscence, that, disobedience, disobedience, sin, sinne, death. So that the envie of the devill is the source and spring-head, deceit, the Conduit, concupiscence, the pipe, the waters conveyed in it, disobedience, sinne, the Channell or Cisterne into which they fall, death. Tell *Adam* then of the forbidden fruit, hee laies it on his wife, — *The woman gave it mee.* Aske the woman, shee puts it on a third, — *The Serpent seduced me.* — Aske the Serpent, there it staves, and in stead of an answer, we finde a curse, — *Because thou hast done this, upon thy belly thou shalt creepe, and dust thou shalt eat all the dayes of thy life.* The man then all this while growes not obnoxious in respect of seduction, but assent, the woman of both ; so the Apostle — *Adam was not deceiv'd, — sed mulier in pravicatione sua* — the woman being deceiv'd was in the transgression, *1. Tim. 2. 14.* If God then aske *Adam*, — *num comedisti?* Hast thou eaten of that tree of which I commanded thee thou shouldest not eat ? Hee answers not with a — *Mulier seduxit*, — the woman hath seduced mee, but onely with a — *dedisti* — shee gave mee, and I did eat. If hee aske *Eva*, — *Quid fecisti?* Woman, what is this that thou hast done? shee as empty of any other evasion, as of strength, laies all on the shoulders of the seducer, — with a — *Serpens seduxit*

duxit me, — the Serpent seduced mee. God inquires no farther, but sentences, — I will put enmitie betwixt her seed and thy seed, it shall breake thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heele, as it is nimble observed on the 2. booke of the Sentences, distict. 22.

Thus, with some blood, and travell, I have shewed you man, in his originall, height, fall; how created, in what glory thron'd, how sunke, what the sin, the occasioner, the punishment; whence he was, what he is, whither he must; earth, from earth, to it; thither hee shall without reprivall: the sentence is past, the executioner ready, and hee must goe, for—*Man goeth*, that's my second part, his transitory condition expressed by way of pilgrimage. *Goeth.*

Vt supra.

Egidius de Roma.

PARS II.

Man goeth.—

R Are expression of his frailtie here, if it may not bee more properly said—*hee is gone*, than that *hee goeth*. Our *dayer* (saith the Kingly Prophet) are gone even as a tale that's told, *Psal. 90.* A tale, of no more length than certaintie. Againe, they are *dayer*, not *yeeres*, as if our being (here) depended upon moments, more than time, or if time, that which is present, not in future; *Daies* are enough, and *yeeres*, too much, or had we both, loe, they are *gone*, gone even as a tale that's told, a tale, as momentary, as vaine. *Seneca* tells his *Polybius* onely of three parts of life answerable to those of time, past, present, to come, *What we doe, God knowes is short; what we shall doe, doubtfull; what wee have done, out of doubt*: so that our best peece of age is either transitory, or dubious; and where a wise man discovers either, he will at least suspect change, if not sleight it. Pitch man at highest, ranke him

Z a

with

Natures Overtbrow,

with *Kings, Prophets, Priests*; and wee shall there finde him on his hill of ice, whence hee doth not slip so properly, as tumble: one sayes hee is a *shadow*, another a *smoake*, a third a *vapour*, brave resemblances of his station (here) and durabilitie, when the best commendation wee can bestow on either, is—*they passe, or else they fade*,—As if it were a sinne to say, *they Are, but they Have beene*. The *Grecian* then scarce shot home to the frailtie of man, when hee calls him *ἰσχυρον*—*a creature of a day*,—hee did that nam'd him—*Hesternum*—*yesterday*—*Wee are but as yesterday, and know nothing*, Job 8. 9. Alasse poore man, no better than a watrish Sun between two swolne clouds, or a breathlesse intermission betweene two fevers, *miserie* and *fate*. Loe how they kisse? *Man that is borne of a woman, hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery*: accurate calamitie; in method, *borne, a short time to live, full of misery*; and to make frailtie compleat, the thing *woman* is inserted too.—*Man that is borne of a woman, &c.* David was too prodigall in his similitude, when hee beat out the age of man to the dimensions of a *span*; an inch, a *punctum*, had beene bountifull enough, the least Atome types out his glory here, his glorie of life, 'tis breath on Steele, no sooner on than off; Sun-burnt stubble, at once flame and ashes. Wee are at a good key of happinesse, when wee can say—*wee are transitory*—wee have scarce (sometimes) so much life as to know we dye, even in the very threshold and porch of life, death strangles us; as if there were but one doore of the sepulchre and the wombe; so that man is but a *living ghost, breathing dust, death cloath'd in flesh and blood*.

Hee *goeth*, vanisheth rather, vanisheth like lightning, which is so sudden, and so momentarie, that wee more properly say wee remember it, than that we see it. How is't then, that life is sometimes spun to the *crimson*, and sometimes the *silver thread*, from the *Downe* and *tender wool* in child-hood, to the *Scarles* in the manly cheek, and

and Deaths Triumph.

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and the *time* and *flow* in old age? Indeed, the white head, and the wrinkled countenance, may read you the Annals of threeſcore and ten, perchance calculate our life to a day longer; what is beyond is trouble, and ſo was that, and yet hath not this man liv'd long? *diu fruit, non diu vixit*— Seneca replies, *How canſt thou ſay hee hath ſailed much, whom a cruell tempeſt takes immediatly, as ſoone as hee is off the Havens mouth? and after many a churliſh aſſault, of winde, and billow, much traſverſing his way, wav'd and ſurg'd to many a danger, hee is at length driven backe the ſame road, but now he went out by? this man hath not ſailed much, but hath beene much beaten.* And indeed wee have here but our—*tempeſtuosa intervalla*—, 'tis not life truly, but calamitie. A well gloſſ'd miſery, gaudy unhappineſſe, glorious vanitie, a troubled Sea, tormented with continuall ebbes, and flowes; ſometimes we are ſhipwracked, alwayes toſſ'd, and thus expoſ'd to daily bluſtings, we find no Haven but in death. Hereupon the Grecian called the firſt day of mans life, *ἡμεραν τῶν ἀδελῶν*, —a beginning of conſlicts—; So that wee ſhall meet with more troupes of ſorrow, (here) then we have meanes either to reſiſt, or to appeaſe them.

Conſidereſt thou not (ſayes that grave Philoſopher) what a kinde of life it is nature preſents us with, when ſhee would teares ſhould be the firſt preſages of our condition in this world? How pretily Auguſtine emblemes it in his tender infant, —*Nondum loquitur*, & tamen prophetat, cryes are the firſt Rhetorick he uſes, by which ere he can ſpeak, hee prophesies; and by a dumbe kinde of divination, wailes out the ſtorie of mans ſorrowes here. And now his odors, ſavours, laſſitudes, watchings, humours, meats, drinks, reſoſe all things, without which he could not live, are but the occaſion of his death. And therefore that famous Romane, receivng ſudden tidings of the death of his only Son, answered without diſtraction nobly, —*I knew when I begat him he ſhould die*—, life being nothing elſe but a journey unto death, a going to the

De brevitate vite
cap. 3.

Idem ibidem.

Seneca ad Lucil.
Epist. 70.

Natures Overtthrow,

long borne. It is a little part of it we live, the whole course of our age, being not *life*, but *time* rather; which we cannot recall being spent, or cause it for present, not to spend, but it treads by us, without noise, and so swiftly, that it is here when we expect it coming, and gone by us, when we thinke 'tis at us. *Man goeth*—, Goes as some curious watch does, wound up (perchance) for an houre, at most, for a day, and then 'tis downe; which time, if it minute right, it is a rare peece; sometimes by distemper, it runs too fast, sometimes set backe, by the providence of the keeper, sometimes, againe, it beats slow, like a dying pulse, by and by, it stands still, as if the whole machine languished; anon some wheele's amisse, or a spring broken, and then we say it is not downe, but disordered, so disordered, that 'tis beyond our Art of rectifying, it must be left to the skill of the Maker; who, to joynt it the better sunders it, and to make it more firme, for a while destroys it. The great Engineer and framer of the world, will have it so done to our fleshly tabernacles, who by the *workmanship* of death, shall take the whole fabrick of the body into peeces, and for a time, lay it by in the grave, till against the great and appointed day, hee shall new wheele and joynt it, and set it more gloriously a going, by the vertue of the resurrection. So that man not onely goeth, (as I told you) but *is gone*, twice gone, dis-sould, by the frailtie of the bodie, to the captivitie of a grave, rebodied with the soule, to the honour of a resurrection. You see then, man is still in a place of fluctuation, not residence, and he is said to *sojourne* in it, not to *inhabit*. *Wee saile by our life, my Lucilius*, (says that Divine Heathen, let no squemish eare cavill at the title, for it belongs to Seneca.) *And as in the Seas the Shores and Cities flie; so in this swift course of time, wee first lose the sight of our childhood, and then of our youth, and at length discover the straits of old age, at which whether we shall arrive, or no, it is doubtful; and when we have, dangerous.* That late famous (but unfortunate)

Seneca Epist. 70.
ad Lucilium.

and Deaths Triumph.

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Historie of the
World, lib. 1.

unfortunate) Historian, who had run thorow all ages of man, and almost all conditions in them, speaks here not like a speculative, but a practicke and experienced man ; and resembleth his seven ages, to the seven planets ; whereof, our *Infancy* is compared unto the *Moone*, wherein wee seeme onely to live, and to grow as plants doe. Our *second age* to *Mercurie*, in which wee are tutor'd and brought up in our first Alphabet and forme of discipline. Our *third age*, to *Venus*, the dayes of our love, daliance, vanitie. *The fourth*, to the *Sunne*, the shining, beautifull, glorious age of man. *The fift*, to *Mars*, in which thorow fields of blood, we hew out a way to honour and victorie, and wherein our thoughts travell to ambitious ends. Our *sixt age*, to *Jupiter*, wherein wee begin to take a strict calculation, and account of our mis-spent times, and bud, and sprout up to the perfectiones of our understandings. *The seventh*, and last, to *Saturne*, wherein our dayes are sullen, and overcast, in which we finde by trodden experience, and irreparable losse, that our golden delights of youth, are now accompanied with vexation, sorrow ; our lackies and retinue, are but sicknesse, and variable infirmities, which whispering unto us our everlasting habitation, *and long home*, we at length passe unto it, with many a thorny meditation, and perplexed thought, and at last by the industrie of death, finish the sorrowfull businesse of a transitory life.

Seeing then our bodies are but *earthen cottages*, *bones of dust*, and *tenements of clay*, the *anvils* which diseases and distempers daily hammer, and beat on ; since our life doth passe away at the trace of a cloud, and is dispersed as a mist driven by the beames of the *Sunne*, why doe wee crowne our dayes with rose buds ? why doe we fill our selves with voluptuousnesse, costly wines, and vintments ? why say wee not so rottennesse, thou art my father ? to the worme, thou art my mother, and my sister ? Why doe wee pamper, and exalt this journey-man of corruption ? this drudge
of

Wisd. 2.

Job 17. 14.

Seneca Epist. 7.
ad Luciliū.

Mors.

Epist. 71.

of frailtie ? this slave of death ? why doe we not remember the imprisonment of the soule ? and that which *Cyprian* calls, *her gaole-deliverie* ? why call wee not our actions to the barre ? arraigne them ? checke them ? sentence them ? why doe wee not something that may entitle us to Religion, while it is called to day, Foole, this night shall thy soule bee taken from thee, this houre (perchance) this minnte, nay this punctistitium of it. Who would not speedily draw water out of a river, which he knew would not continue long in its running ? Who would not suddenly extract somewhat from those wholesome fountaines which should cherish and refresh the thirstie and barren soule ? why doe we gaspe, and pant, and breath for a little ayre, which nature (for a time) fann's upon us, and takes off at her pleasure in a moment ? why fere we not with desire to our long home ? why prepare we not for our progresse, since wee must needs thither ? why crush we not this cockatrice in the egge, and so forestall the venome of that eye whose darting is so farall ? Shall I belevee (sayes Seneca to his Lucilius) that fortune hath power in all things over him that liveth, and not suppose rather it can doe nothing to him that knoweth how to dye ? 'Tis not good to live, but to live well ; and therefore a wise man liveth as much as he ought, not as much as he can. We see the frailtie of others hourly brought upon the Sceane, and how the dayly traffique of disease with us prompts us our mortalitie. Those glorious bulwarkes, and fortresses of the soule, are but sanctuaries of weaknesse ; languishing, crazy, and batter'd constitutions, but natures warning peeces, the watch-words of a fraile body, which keep strict Sentinell o'e the soule, lest it steale from it, unawares, and so the great enemy both invade, and ruine it. How frequent even amongst Pagans have beene their—*memento moris*—? and a deaths head (you know) was a chiefe dish at an *Aegyptian* feast. So should that (yonder) to every recollected Christian, but such
pre-

and Deaths Triumph.

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presents (as those) have beene of late no great dainties with us, a service of every day, almost of every place (the whole land being little better than a Charnell-house) and wee cannot but see it, and chew on't too, if wee bee not dust already, and that flie in our eyes, and blinde us, and so the complaint of Cyprian whip us home—*Nolumus agnoscere, quod ignorare non possumus.*

Why should then this sad toll of mortalitie dishearten us ? groanes, and sighes, and convulsions, are the bodies passing-bells, no lesse customary than naturall ; and more horrid in the circumstance than the thing.—*Pompa mortis magis terret quam mors ipsa*—, the retinue and complement of death, speake more terrour than the act. The Adversary, the Judge, the Sentence, the Foulour, the Executioner, more daunt the malefactor, than the very stroke and cleft of dissolution. *Are wee so foolish* (sayes the good Heathen) *to thinke death a rocke which will dash or split us in the whole ; no, 'tis the Port which we ought one day to desire, never to refuse ; into which (if any have beene cast in their younger years) they need repine no more than one which with a short cut hath ended his Navigation.* For there are some, whom slacke winds mocke and detaine, and weary with the gentle tediousnesse of a peaceable calme ; others swifter waisted by sudden gusts, whom life hath rather ravish't thither, than sent ; which had they a time delay'd, by some flattering intermissions, yet at length, must of necessitie stricke saile to't. Some faint-hearted Adrian will (to his power) linger it, and fearefully expostulate with a parting soule, as if the divorce from the bodie were everlasting, and there should not bee (one day) a more glorious contract ; when an heroicke Cannius shall rebuke the teares in his friends cheeke, and thus bravely encounter death and him, —*Why are you sad ? enquire you whether soules be immortall ? I shall know presently.* Braver resolution, had it beene as Christian-like, as'twas bold.

Again, some effeminate Rhodian will rather languish

A a

under

Seneca ad Lucil
Epist. 52.

Idem ibidem.

Que nunc ab-
his in loca, pal-
lidula, rigida,
nudula?

under the grindings of a Tyrant, than sacrifice the remainder of a famin'd bodie to an honourable death; when a confident *Hilarion* shall dare all those grisly assaults, — *Soule get thee out, thou hast seventie yeeres served Christ, and art thou now loth to dye?* Once more, some spruce *Agag*, or kerd *Amalakie* would bee pallie-strucke with an — *amara mors* —, death is bitter, death is bitter, 1 Sam. 15. 32. When a *Lubentius* and a *Maximinus* have their brest-plate on, with a — *Domine parati sumus* —, *We are ready to lay off our last garments, the flesh* —. And indeed (saith *Augustine*) *Boughes fall from trees, and stones out of buildings*, and why should it seeme strange that mortals dye? Some have welcom'd death, some met it in the way, some bassel'd it, in sicknesses, persecution, torments. I instance not in that of *Basil* to the *Arrianated Valens*, ('tis too light) that of *Vincentius* was more remarkable, who with an unabated constancie, thus stuns the rage of his mercilesse executioner. — *Thou shalt see the Spirit of God strengthen the tormented more, than the Devill can the hands of the tormentor.* And that you may know a true Martyrdome, is not dash't either at the expectation, or the sense of torture, a *Barlaam* will hold his hand over the very flame of the Altar, and sport out the horridnesse of such a death with that of the *Psalmist*, — *Thou hast taught my hands to warre, and my fingers to battell.* Seeing then we are compass'd with such a cloud of witnesses, what should scare a true Apostle from his — *Cupio dissolvi* —? Let us take his resolution and his counsell too, — *lay aside every waight, and the same that doth easily beset us, and let us runne with patience the race that is set before us*, Heb. 12. 1. There is no law so inviolable, as this of Nature, that of the *Medes* and *Persians* was but corrupt, to this — *Statutum est omnibus semel mori* — Every true Christian knowes it, and feares it not so much out of opinion, as nature; and why should nature doe it, since 'tis call'd our home, our long home, whither 'tis as certaine we

wee shall goe, as doubtfull, when ; and therefore I must now presse you with *Pauls Obsecro vos tanquam adven-
sas*, — I beseech you as strangers, and pilgrims upon earth, looke not backe to the onions, and flesh-pots here ; put forward for your last habitations, know you must at length to them, there is no by-way to avoid them, for — *Adam goeth to his long home* —, that's my third part, the — *terminus ad quem* —, of this his travell. — *His long home.*

PARS III.

His long home.

Long home. A periphrasis not of death so properly, as the grave, the bed-chamber of the body when 'tis dead; or rather, the bed it selfe (for so *Job* styles it) — *Thou hast made my bed ready for mee in the darke*, deaths withdrawing roome, corruptions tyring-house, natures Golgotha, her Exchequer of rotten treasures, hid there till the day of doome, *Regia Serpentum*, (as the Sonne of Syracke calls it) the rendezvous of creeping things, and beasts, and worms, *Ecclus. 10. 11.*

Come hither then, thou darling of the world, thou great favourite of flesh, and blood; thou whose honours (here) are as blooming, as the Lillies, and Roses in thy youthfull cheek; know, *Image*, though thy head bee of gold, and thy bodie of silver, thy feet are but of clay, and they will lead downe to this chamber of death, where thou maist behold the glory of thy ancestors, as *Augustine* did at *Rome*, that of *Cæsars* in his Sepulchre. — *An eyelesse, cheekelesse, worme-guane visage*; nought but rottennesse, and stench, and wormes, and bones, and dust, and now — *Ubi Cæsaris preclarum corpus* (saies the Father) *ubi divitiarum magnitudo ? ubi cetera Baronum ? ubi acies mili-*

*Sisalem opul-
lud sit Augu-
stini.*

*Cupreus de 4.
hom. novissimis,
Serm 3. pag. 56.*

tum ? ubi apparatus deliciarum ? ubi tholamus pictus ? ubi lectus Eburneus ? ubi regalis thronus ? ubi mutatoria vestimentorum ? ubi magnificentia ? ubi omnia ? Sibi pariter descenderunt, quando defecit spiritus, & cum in sepulchro, trium brachiorum, reliquerunt cum fetore, & putredine--, in his 48. Sermon, *ad fratres in eremo*. Crowne, and Scepter, and Robes, and Treasure, and Sword, and Speare, and Valour, and Youth, and Honour, and (what the world could not (but now) either master or containe) his bodie, trencht in a grave of six cubites, no more, there *Cesar* lies in earthen fetters; and so shall all dissolved bodies too, till that fearefull arraignment at the great assises. In the meane time, the soule shall bee either waisted hence into *Abrahams* bosome, or else hurried to that cave of darknesse, and everlasting horror; no third place to purge and refine it, after death; no Romish trap-doore (through which a brib'd indulgence may presume to fetch it off at the pleasure of a cheating Consistory) but it hath here--*suum Purgatorium*--. One of their Purgatory-monsters tells mee so, nay tells a Cardinall so, and bids him pray with *Augustine*, --*Domine hic ure, hic seca, ut in eternum parcas*.

Thus you see, Man is now brought to his--*long home*--; his soule gone to its place of rest; but wee may not yet interre the bodie; that we shall doe anon; some ceremony remaines to be perform'd first; for loe, how the *Mourners* walke about the streets? That's my last part; the state, and ceremonie man meets with: in the consummation of his pilgrimage--*The mourners walke, &c.*

P A R S III.

The Mourners, &c.

THe triumph, and honour, death challenges in the
solemn interment of the deceased, hath beene a ce-
remonie no lesse venerable, than ancient. 'Twas almost
3000. yeeres agoe, the *Mourners* (here) *walkt about the*
streets; after them those of *Hadadrimmon*, in the valley of
Megiddo, when all *Judah* and *Jerusalem*, mourned for *Jo-*
shiah, 2 *Chron.* 35. before both for *Jacob*, in *Goren Atad* be-
yond *Jordan*—where they mourned (saith *Moses*) with a
great and sore lamentation, *Gen.* 50. 10. Such a pompe, of
sorrow as was a president to all posteritie; forty dayes
the bodie was embalm'd, then threescore and ten more,
mourned for, before the Funerall, seven after; against the
day of interment all the tribes must bee summon'd, their
families, their allies, and their retinue; *ouch their beards,*
and their little ones, left in Goshen. I read of no wife, or
daughter absent, no tricke of Religion, or pretence of
retired sorrow, to keep them off these publike exequies,
to whine a dirge or requiem in a corner. No doubt they
sadly followed the hearse even to the Sepulchre, thin-
king a teare wrung over a parting bed not halfe so em-
phaticall, as that which is dropt into the grave. Besides,
Joseph himselfe must bee sent for out of Egypt; no employ-
ment at Court keeps him off these great solemnities,
but hee goes up to Canaan with all the servants of Pharaoh, and
all the Elders of his house, and all the Elders of the land of
Egypt, and all his brethren, and his fathers house, and his
owne too; and they buried him (sayes the Text) in the cave
of the field Machpela which Abraham bought of Ephron the
Hittite, before Mamre, Gen. 50. 13. And indeed 'twas

Demptis 308.
Annis. Salomon
enim vixit anno
mundi 2930. Io-
shiah, anno mun-
di 3324. Iacob
2108. Chytra-
us in Chronol.

a religious providence the old Patriarches had, in purchasing a possession place for their buriall, and posteritie (a long time) kept it up, even to superstition, thinking their bones never at rest, till they were laid in the *Sepulchre of their fathers*, which honourable way of interment, in these tympanous and swelling times of ours, (wherein wee warre more about matters of title, than religion) were a good meanes to preserve our names from rottenness; if our contention, and pride, and riot, have left so much of a devour'd inheritance as will serve the dimensions of a dead body.

Some noble mansions of the kingdome (heretofore) have now, scarce, that happinesse. A greene turfe, or a weather-beaten stone, will cover that body, which (ere while) a whole Lordship could hardly cloath; and that life which swum in Tissues, and imbroideriers, in death (scarce) findes a blacke to *mourne* for 't about the *streets*. Sad Hearse that hath nothing to wait on 't to the grave, but the ruines of a familie, nought to weepe ore't, but the blubbrings and languishments of a gentle blood, farre more wounding and deplorable, than the condition of some noble carcase, who rather than hee will allow death the least triumphs in his funeralls, will have his treasure, honour, religion too (if he had any) earth'd up together in his *Long home*:--a ditch were fitter, and some unnatural, goury-fisted heire would like it well; ours doth not, you see, the--*Mourners have walke about the street*--'Tis well, and an act no lesse of duty, than religion; and those which have beene zealous in 't heretofore, have worne the two rich Epithetes of *charitable, blessed*,--*Blessed are ye of the Lord*, (saith *David* to the men of *Jabesh Gilead*) *that you have shew'd such charitie to your master Saul, and buried him*. Buried him, is not enough, 'tis too naked and thin a ceremonie, except these *Mourners* too walke about the *streets*. *My Sonne* (saith *Tobit*) *when I dye, bury mee honestly*, Tob. 14. 10. And *Jaacob* (on his death-bed)

bed) conjur'd his Sonnes to interre him in a prescript solemnitie, and therefore the Text saith, — *They buried him as they had sworn unto their father*, Gen. 50. 6. 12. And indeed those — *Officia postremi muneris* — (as *Augustine* calls them) those solemn rites which wee strew on the funerals of our deceased friend are no effect of contrivance, but debt, and from an able successor, no lesse expected than required. — *My sonne* (saith *Syracides*), *possess thy teares over the dead, and neglect not their buriall*, Eccus. 38. 66.

And therefore those dispositions are little below barbarous, which snarle at a moderate sorrow, or decent interment of the dead, and had never so much learning, or at least so much charitie, as to interpret that of the Apostle, — *Let all things bee done decently, and in order*, 1 Cor. 14. Had not our Saviour all the Ceremonies of this — *Long home*? *the cleane linen cloaths*? *the sweet ointments*? *the new Sepulchre*? these Mourners (too) about the streets? Hee then that in a wayward opinion shall disallow of either, may well deserve the honour of *Jeboiakims* funerall, which is not to bee named without pittie, and some scorne, for the Text saith — *he was to be buried like an Asse* —. And, for my part, I wish him the happinesse of an Anchorite, his Cell be his Church, and hee himselfe both Priest and Graves-man, not a teare to traile after him to his long home, nor a Mourner sene about the streets.

Jerem. 22. 19.

It hath beene a custome of some barbarous Nations (but in this not so despicable) to howle their dead to their long home; others dropt them in with a teare onely, no more — *In ignem posita est, fletur* (saith the Cōmicke.) That of the *Romanes* was too gaudy a sorrow, and comes well home to the excesse of pomp in the fate of great ones, now, who though in their life time have flav'd themselves to the world by an ignoble retrait to obscuritie, and miserable thrift, yet at their farewell, and

Going

Natures Overtrow,

Going hence, to give the times a relish and taste of their generousnesse, the ——— Mourners shall walke about the streets. A monument must bee built, a Statue rais'd, Ecutcheons hang, for the embalming of his honour, whose name (sometimes) deserves more rottiennesse than his carkasse.

That worth is canonicall and straight, which is inroll'd and registred in the impartiall hearts and memories of the people, not in a perfidious Tombe-stone, or perjur'd Epitaph. A vertuous life is a mans best Pyramide.

Be thy actions unblemish'd, squar'd out to Religion, vertue, *Every heart's a Tombe, and every tongue an Epitaph.* And thus ballad'd thou need'st not feare any floriges of the times, any moth or gangrene either on thy state, or name; but when death *shall take downe these rotten stickers wherewith thy earthly tent is compar'd,* thy gray-haires shall goe in peace to their long home, and the — *Mourners shall walke about the streets.*

They have walkt now, and done their devoyer in their last way of ceremonie. But where's the bodie I promis'd you to interre? sure *some Disciple stole't away by night,* and laid it in its long home, where it is now under the bondage of corruption. But there is somewhat left behinde, which I would willingly preserve from rottiennesse, his name: to which, though I may lay some challenge in respect of blood, little of acquaintance; that, being as great a stranger to mee, as the passages of his life, or death; so what I shall speake, is both *traditionarie, and short, very short,* thus.

Hee was a man of more reservednesse than expressi-on, both in his^e act and word, and of the two, hee had rather doe curtesies, than professe them. His outward deportment, and face of carriage (where not knowne) *saure and rough.* In his passions (for which

he

He hath suffer'd strangely in the censures of the world) somewhat windy and tempestuous, but such as had authoritie onely from the tongue, not the heart, and as soone ore-blowne, as occasion'd, nought else but a greene leafe in a flame, crackt, sparkled, and so out. His rule of friendship the best, not popular, but choice, and there too, where it found truth, no glosse; there unshooke, nobly-constant, his both in his heart, and in his purse; not in his purse, (as *Seneca* writes of *Sicilim*, where nought could bee extracted but an hundred upon an hundred) or as your *Hackney Myntmen* for the most part doe, ten upon the same number, but that trebled, many times, for nothing, as the clemencie of some unperfecuting scroles can testifie. His contribution, and benevolence in way of almes, rather powr'd out, than given, as if povertie had beene the object of his profusenesse, not of his reliefe; yet that without froth of ostentation, without reference to merit, on the grounds of a true charity. His Religion (wherein the world thought hee had wav'd and totter'd) upon his accounts to God, and his enlargements and declarations to his friends, on his death-bed, fast to the Church of England; which, (though in the last act) was beleager'd by some emasculate suggestions, yet blessed bee the circumspection of a carefull Sonne, it stood unbatter'd, and in that loyaltie and strength, hee penitently gave up his soule into the hands of his Redeemer.

And now hee is gone, let his imperfections follow, and the memorie of them rot, and moulder with his bodie; hee had many, some prevalent; and (good Lord) which of us have not in a large proportion! But they are our *earthie* and *dusty*, and *asbie* part, so they were his; let them bee buried with him; shovell them into his grave; *Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust*; let them spring no more,

Natures Overthrow, &c.

to the soyling and dishonour of his name, or our
 owne uncharitableness, but let his ashes rest in
 peace; for hee is now — *Gone to his long
 home, and the mourners have walke
 for him about the streets.*

*Gloria in excelsis Deo.
 Amen.*



FINIS.

